

Honored Immortality

by D.M.P

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Summary: Ax's thoughts on honor, memory, the People, and the soul.

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In a world of honor
I had hoped to earn respect
But a backwards glance
Is the only thing I get
My brother's fame has spread
To regions far and wide
While I am but a speck
By my brother's side
At times I do not regret
Standing in the shade
Of glory and publicity
That my brother has made
However, sometimes I think

But what will become of me?
Will I rise to such greatness
And immortal notoriety?
For on my home world
Heaven and hell do not exist
And that the only paradise
Is if you are truly missed
'Cause remembrance
Is the preservation of the soul
And not to be forgotten
Is our religious goal
So the People would adore
The ones who were great
But others who don't stand out
Oblivion is their fate
Yet for the ones who sinned
Their punishment is far worse
The People will despise their existence
And their memory will become a curse
I had hoped to achieve
Immortality in the crucial eye
Of the critiquing People
In order for my soul to survive
But I have failed horribly
Before I even had the chance
By accepting my brother's crimes
Which will lower my social stance
I do not regret this
For my brother's memory
Is the one thing I put

Above everything, even me
But sometimes I still wonder
Of the shame that I'll accept
Will I then be looked down upon
When my memory is kept?
In exchange for my brother's honor,
Will I go into a certain hell
With the People recalling me
With thoughts that aren't so well?
People praised Elfangor
When he had passed away
But when I leave this world
What would the People say?

End
file.